

Margaret Truman Has Tea in Georgian Lounge



Over five hundred guests attended a tea given by the Alumnae Association in honor of Miss Margaret Truman at the College on Sunday, December 14. Among the distinguished personages attending were: The Most Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara, Bishop of Kansas City; Reverend Mother Pius Neenan, Superior General of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet; the Honorable William Kemp, Mayor of Kansas City; Rev. Thomas Knapp, S.J., President of Rockhurst College; Mother Marietta Jennings, President of the College of St. Teresa's; L. B. Cookingham, City Manager, and Dr. Mabelle Glenn, Director of Music for Kansas City Schools.

Miss Truman entered Donnelly Hall at 3:30 to the strains of the Missouri Waltz, which was played by Rita Olsen. Seventy-five members of the Caecelian Choral Club formed an honor guard and with Mrs. Maurice J. O'Sullivan, president

of the Alumnae, escorted Miss Truman to the Georgian Lounge.

There the President's daughter was presented with two dozen roses by Barbara Hutchings, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harland B. Hutchings. Barbara is a senior and a member of the third generation to be graduated from St. Teresa's.

Attired in a simple black dress with one strand of seed pearls as its sole ornament and wearing a gold close fitting hat, the talented musician then stood by the piano and joined the members of the Music Club in singing several Christmas Carols. Among the songs were: Adeste Fidelis, Deck the Halls, Silent Night and the First Noel. Miss Truman sang softly in order to preserve her voice for the Kansas City concerts which she gave this week but those around her were fortunate in hearing her clear soprano in the Christmas Carols.

St. Teresa Sponsors Organization Of Student Government Commission

Six colleges from the Central Mid-West Region of the National Federation of Catholic College Students sent delegates to the College of St. Teresa on December 6, to organize a Regional Commission on Student Government. After several hours of stimulating discussion, the group succeeded in formulating a regional plan; Rockhurst College submitted the Objective and Function of the commission, while St. Teresa presented the Suggested Program for the different colleges in the region.

At the close of the session, Tony Fasnemeyer, president of Rockhurst Student Union, was elected temporary chairman of the commission. Bobby Jeanne Schmidt was chosen to fill the post of secretary.

To Meet in March

Ursuline College, Paola, Kansas, will be hostess for the next meeting on student government, which will be held sometime within the first two weeks of March.

Besides St. Teresa's, Rockhurst, and Ursuline Colleges, St. Benedict's, Mount St. Scholastica, and St. Mary's were also represented at the regional parley.

Need Is Urgent

The urgent need for a commission on student government in the Central Mid-West Region was evidenced but a short time ago, when a group of collegians met to discuss Catholic Education. It seemed to be the consensus that all student governments have problems, and many of the problems could be solved by the students themselves if only they could get together and work with each other.

Grasping the import of this, the delegates, when they gathered at CST, discussed four of the major problems effecting their colleges.

Collegians Study Self-Government

Headed by Bobby Jeanne Schmidt, a committee has been formed to study student government at CST. Other members constituting the committee are Mary Katherine Gilwee, Mary Sullivan, Mary Ann Miller, Joan Murphy, Geraldine Carrigan, Mary Lou Wilkinson, Betty Gilmore, and Shirley Davis. The moderator of the study group is Sister John Marie.

To encourage the improvement of student self-government and to take action concerning problems of student government are the two objectives of the committee. Some of the recommendations that have been submitted for consideration by the group are: (1) All material of the student council meetings which pertains to matters that vitally effect the life of the student on the campus be posted on the bulletin board; (2) That open meetings be conducted at which time free discussion will enable the criticism, complaints, and suggestions of the general student body to reach the student council.

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College Presents Special Program On Feast Day

Mother Marietta's feast day was celebrated this year by the student body at an assembly held on December 15, in the Music and Art Building. After a short introductory address, Mary Katherine Gilwee, president of the Student Association, presented Mother Marietta with a gift of five Masses and two books: *A Catholic Reader*, edited by Charles A. Brady; and *The King's Advocate*, written by Simone de Noillat-Pomvert, and translated and autographed by Mary Golden Donnelly, CST alumna.

Choral Club Performs

Entertainment for the event was furnished by members of the speech class and the Caecelian Choral Club, under the direction of Mrs. Ethel Lee Buxton, who joined in the traditional rendition of Handel's Messiah.

Golden Echo Released

The Golden Echo made its initial appearance on that day, and the first copy was presented to Mother Marietta, who has for many years desired to see a literary journal at the College of St. Teresa.

Coming Events Cast Shadows

January 5: Classes are resumed.

January 13: Eddie Dougherty and his wife, the Baroness Catherine de Hueck, will speak in the CST auditorium. This is the third of a series of lectures sponsored by the Catholic Community Library Center. The time of the lecture is 8:00 p.m. Student tickets may be purchased for fifty cents.

January 19: Monday at 1:00 p.m., the Dramatic Art Club will give the student body a demonstration of some of the work they have been doing in their acting classes.

January 22: Semester examinations begin. And there isn't any relief in sight until Monday evening, January 26.

January 27: Registration for second semester. (Mr. Fennell is offering a new course, Criminology. And a parliamentary law course is at present being considered).

January 28: The opening of the annual retreat. Father Joseph Sheehy, S.J., of Regis College, Denver, is to be the retreat master.

Mother General Is Guest

Reverend Mother M. Pius, superior general of the Sisters of St. Joseph, is at present a guest at the college. For Reverend Mother Pius, St. Teresa holds many happy memories; she was superior of the Academy and Junior College from 1921-1927. She resides now at the Mother House of the Sisters of St. Joseph, in St. Louis.



In the process of packing Christmas baskets for needy families, four Teresians stop to admire the ample collection of food and toys. The girls shown are: Patricia Moran and Ann Pusateri (standing) and Mary Ann Miller and Tess Browne (seated).

Four Teresians Take Part in 'The Miser'

The Miser, a hilarious comedy by Moliere, is now being presented (December 17 and 18) by the Rockhurst Dramasquers at Sedgewick Hall with four feminine roles taken by St. Teresa students.

Elise, the miser's daughter, is portrayed by Patricia Jansen; Frosine, the matchmaker, by Patricia O'Leary; Marianne, lover of the miser's son, by Mary Lou McConnell; and Brinda-voine, a servant, by Mary Jo Lonergan.

The seventeenth century farce is presented in a style characteristic of the period. It is adapted by Walter Kerr of Catholic University and is under the direction of C. Bernard Gilford.

Choral Club Sings Carols Over Radio and On Plaza

At 11:45 on December 13, the Caecelian Choral Club under the direction of Mrs. Ethel Buxton, presented a selection of Christmas hymns over the WDAF network. Mary Gent sang "He Shall Feed His Flock," and the entire group sang "The Halleluia Chorus," both from Handel's Messiah. The program also included "Silent Night;" and "Ave Maria," a duet by Mary Gent and Lillian Armijo.

On December 13, the members of the Club appeared on a program which originated from the Power and Light Building on the Country Club Plaza and was amplified over the district. The program for that event consisted of:

"O Holy Night"
"Adeste Fideles"
"Jesu Bambino"
"Silent Night"
"Hark, the Herald Angels Sing"
"The Halleluia Chorus"
"Joy to the World"
"O Little Town of Bethlehem"
"Noel"

Sodalists Santa to Needy Families At Christmas

The Sodality will distribute the traditional baskets to the poor families on Christmas Eve. Members of each of the four classes are bringing food and clothing to supply the needs of these families. All that goes into a complete Christmas dinner will be provided, as well as extra canned good, soap, clothing, and toys for the children.

This will be the fourth year that some of the seniors have spent in visiting poor families on the Eve of Christmas, and they admit that it makes their day a fuller and richer one because of the sacrifice involved. Last year one energetic group inveigled a Rockhurst student to don whiskers and red suit. He brought happiness to the children of the poor, who in their excitement at having Santa come into their very homes were too excited to look at the gifts brought to them.

Plans for the collection and distribution of baskets are being worked out by Mary Ann Miller, Sodality Prefect. She says that the girls from all the classes have been most generous in offering their time and the use of their automobiles for this Christmas Eve mission of mercy.

Dreams Come True Msgr. McDonald Knows

"My dreams are getting better all the time" could well be the theme song of Monsignor T. B. McDonald, pastor of Visitation Church. His pet dream—a beautiful new convent—has been realized. The convent for the Sisters teaching at his school, is at 2 E. 52nd Street. It is a lovely modern home, completely remodeled and newly furnished.

The sisters held open house for the parish on November 30, and for the sisters of the city on December

God's "Ways and Means" Committee

By Father Daniel Meagher

If God's ways are not our ways—and often enough they are not—the fault is our own. He has certainly made them very clear. For instance, the world was unconscionably badly off twenty centuries ago. It was not one world but it was one man's world—a totalitarian world, as we say now, a slave world, with Caesar Augustus as the chief slave-owner.

If you would care to learn how rotten in soul most of the slaves were, and their lesser owners, too, you *can*, in the first chapter of the letter St. Paul wrote to the Romans. You may be startled, even shocked; but St. Paul, remember, realized that if you want to get rid of something rotten you have to say how rotten it is. You can't do that in sweet and simpering syllables. And what was God's way of doing something about it? Man's? Man's way is to tear down the existing social structure and build another one using the same old wormy timber; and the new job is about as much an improvement over the old one as, say, the Russia of the Soviets is over the Russia of the Czars.

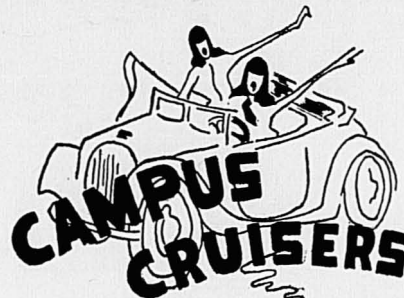
Back then, God's way was—Of all things!—a baby, and a girl with a brave enough heart to bring a baby into that kind of world. The sociologists, if there had been any then, would have snickered at so naive a notion. But it worked. All over today's world that baby owns schools, colleges, universities, convents, monasteries, churches, homes—above all, hearts, the hearts of millions of brothers and sisters born to him in baptism. And because he owns all these there is a decency and dignity in human living that, to even the best and wisest men before him, would have seemed a fantastic utopian dream. What God did then He can do now, and do it the more easily because of all those brothers and sisters.

Today, as in Christ's day, a social structure seems crumbling and about to fall. Man thinks that he has the one to replace it. As usual, man is wrong. There is no new life in social structures. There is new life only in babies—and new life to the full only in the new babies of Bethlehem. That still seems a naive notion to the sociologists (so very many of them want to do away with babies) but you can be fairly sure that it still works.

The

Senior's Soliloquy

To be or not to be,—that was the question,
Whether 'twould be wiser in the end to heed
The cries and protests of outraged collegians
Or to acquiesce to still young traditions
And by accepting fix them. To dance,—to dance,
But when? and by a dance mean we a formal.
The bills, and the thousand unexpected duties
That seniors are heir to—'tis an abomination,
But they must be met. To dance—to dance,
But where? Perchance a hall—ah, there's the rub,
For in that search for such a thing what horrors come,
When we have contacted all hotels,
And say they "nay;" there's the answer
That makes gray hairs of colored ones . . .
But that blessing of all tardy callers
The sudden cancellation, for whose being
All late comers smile, brings consolation.
To dance, to dance, and at the Little Theater
When on the evening of December 29, from 9 'till 12,
Music by Les Copley for the Christmas formal
Will be heard by all who with two dollars part.
By Mary Sullivan



Joelle and Mary Jean

1 for Sociology
2 for Biology
13 for Psychology
7 for Philosophy

We'll bring you reviews, reports, and all
And say "Merry Christmas" in our study hall.

Santa and we two, his most wide-awake, alert, intelligent helpers, opened the season with a farewell Christmas party for the bleary-eyed students. Songs and refreshments helped the girls forget their troubles and a mirthful mood prevailed. The center of the activities was the gaily decorated tree surrounded by artistically wrapped packages. Years ago the gifts went to the girls, but in recent years in their generosity they have renounced ownership and donated the gifts to the poor baskets.

CST has always been high on our list. Every year the students gather goods of all kinds to fill baskets to be delivered to needy families in Kansas City. While explaining to the freshmen the meaning of these baskets, Mary Ann Miller, sodality prefect, almost had the assembly in tears such is her rhetorical power.

The younger generation knows how to ask favors, but few find time to give thanks. The year is almost over and we know you have asked and received many favors. December 31, about 8 o'clock the traditional New Year's Eve Holy Hour will begin in the college chapel. Before you go out to have that last fling of '47, stop and thank the One you're indebted to most. We'll even lend you our one lone reindeer if it's transportation you're lacking.

Now we know you've been told that you are the leaders of the future. But what are some of you doing about it? Nothing. Here at school you have two branches of the Change in Student Government Club; those who are doing something about it and those who are still complaining but doing nothing. During these meetings is the time for you to express your criticism. Any other time you will only create a draft. And we hate drafts; they're hard on our sinus.

We don't want any CST girl to be tricked by the professional hustler. Day and night he haunts you. Just think if you won—a house, an airplane, a free trip to Utopia, Macy's basement, and all for one thin dime (or three for a quarter)! The day arrives, you have your chance clutched in your moist hand, they call the number. The Winner No. 12345 . . . You had No. 12346. The urge to kill creeps over you, but a fiendish grin curls your lips. Your wet eyes reflect fire; you reach in your pocket . . . Yes, there it is—the chance book. Through a cloud of dust and the road of saddle shoes you're off to get revenge.

The Christmas dance, entitled the Mistle Toe Dance, was obviously prompted by the vogue of the ballerina skirt.

As we were riding along in our sleigh on our way to the top departments we decided to stop off at St. Teresa's College to see the girls. Glancing down on the assembly of Monday, December 1, we suspected that Peggy Cassidy attended the meeting for the first time. Usually one has mastered the art of collapsing and comfortably without upsetting several rows of chairs. Those chairs surely take a beating!

Our helpers have really been busy trying to keep up with those sophomores and seniors of CST. Last week they looked in on the fall formal the sophomores sponsored. They said it really was a success with beautiful girls and handsome men all over the hotel. Everyone was there from the youngest to the oldest, tripping the light fantastic. Also, beaming faces were seen in the classrooms all the next week.

And speaking of the Seniors, have they been on the job! Perhaps many of you haven't realized that for weeks every member of the Senior class was on the telephone trying to arrange a Christmas dance for YOU! Since the majority of the student body asked for a holiday dance, their wish was granted but with some difficulty. Talk it up—pep it up—express your thanks, and get your money in today!

"Pass—one club—three hearts. Hey, you jumped the bid, didn't you? What does that mean? I just don't know what to do now." Yes, two of our other spies reported such a conversation frequently took place among the many, card-over-chair games, but recently they haven't been able to find such talk. They used to get enjoyment out of prompting, either rightly or wrongly, those who were first learning that game which occupies half of all women's time—bridge. And such handy tables they have now, too. When students "just gotta have another cigarette," those brains should not be lost in the smoke, but rather be kept busy.

Did we hear someone say that our college is now offering a course in Public Relations? As good students should, we started reading the bulletin board one day and staring us in the face was a brightly colored advertisement. We read it, made a mental note and proceeded on our way to the locker room. There we found the same. Two marks on our brains. Next our stomachs sent us in the direction of protetins, calories and energy, and there too we were confronted by a reminder. On smooth our locks—guess what! For days these little posters kept following us around—at home, in our dreams, until we finally took care of the matter. So you see, only a moron could forget and we must say if there isn't such a course as above mentioned—then it isn't needed, 'cause the CST girls have it!!!

Meet Miss Truman

By Jean Carrigan

I don't know how it happened or anything since I'm just a freshman but when Miss Margaret Truman turned away from the piano in the Georgian Lounge to take her place of honor near the fireplace, Mary Elizabeth Shutte, president of the Music Club, and I found ourselves leading the honor guard. It was a pretty hard job to blaze a trail through all those people but we finally made it with Miss Truman all in one piece.

She took her place right under her father's picture (autographed, by the way, "Best Wishes to St. Teresa's from Harry S. Truman"). We started to sing some more—at least all the other girls did. I just moved my lips and opened my mouth because I wanted to hear her voice—besides I can't sing anyway.

Kathryn Kretschmer was trying to pass out song books and was having a hard time, too, so Miss Truman quickly came to her assistance, saying, "Here, let me. I used to do this in high school."

While we were singing, she hummed along with us. Later she told me that she couldn't help it. In fact, a few days ago she went Christmas shopping downtown and couldn't help joining in the songs which the stores

(Continued on Page 8)

Christmas Contrast in Pantomime

By Doris Jean Frohoff

Scene A: America, home of happy Christmases.

Scene B: Europe, home of cheerless Christmases.

Character A: You—an American girl on Christmas Day.

Character B: She—a European girl, French, German, Belgian, or other nationality, on Christmas Day.

You: A warm, cozy, brightly-lighted home, ornamented tree resplendent in the living room.

She: A cold, darkened, bombed-out hovel, empty except for a few salvaged furnishings, with perhaps a scraggly branch as a brave attempt at the old custom.

You: Rejoicing at the softly falling snow: a really, truly "white Christmas."

She: Resentful of the snow, which only adds to the misery.

You: Surrounded by your dear ones, family and friends, in gay celebration.

She: Remembering her dear ones, and the devastation which took them from her.

You: A new dress or coat, purchased especially for the big season as a supplement to your already adequate wardrobe.

She: Thin, shabby rags, never enough to shut out the bitter cold from her shivering body.

You: Delightedly tackling bright-colored wrappings, beautiful gifts tendering warm thoughts of love.

She: Curiously apathetic, a heartbreaking resignation to misery, devoid of happiness and "Christmas spirit."

You: Sitting down to dinner at the big table literally sagging under the weight of delicious, savory-smelling foods.

She: Huddling over an appallingly small ration of unappetizing gruel.

You: Adoring the Christ-Child at glorious Midnight Mass with many other fortunate American Catholics.

She: In lone adoration. With parish church destroyed and no pastor there can be no Mass at all.

You: Thanking Jesus for all your blessings, especially for sparing America the destruction of war; praying for her and those millions like her—a spiritual "Merry Christmas" via our common King—the King of all mankind.

She: Begging the Prince of Peace for the return of those happy Christmases she so dimly recalls, asking that she be not forgotten by her American benefactors across the sea, striving to revive a spark of that trust and serenity she once knew, which made her Christmas so particularly merry.

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Student Body To Hear Screen and Radio Star

Miss Emma Jane Randalle, distinguished actress of stage, screen and radio, will give readings from Walter Brown's delightful "Everywoman," January 12, at 1:00 p. m., in the College Auditorium.

Miss Randalle is particularly welcomed in Catholic schools and colleges. After her performance in St. Joseph's Academy, Green Bay, Wisconsin, Mother Mary Robert, C.S.J., wrote: "Your selection here today from 'Dramatic Portraits' was inspirational in the highest degree. It brought the Creator close to the creature. It made the living GOD a part of the everyday life of man."

Of the particular readings chosen for presentation at CST, the student of St. Mary's Academy and College, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, were especially enthusiastic. The superior of that College wrote: "The Sisters and Students enjoyed Miss Randalle's fine interpretation of 'Everywoman' and other selections from her Dramatic Portraits. Her personal recollections of Joyce Kilmer were also most interesting and instructive."

Miss Randalle is a personal friend of Sister Alphonsa Marie, the director of the Academy. Both the College and Academy students will be privileged to attend the performance. Remember the date: January 12; and the place, the CST Auditorium in the Music and Art Building; and the time, 1:00 p. m.

It Belongs To Us And We're Mighty Proud To Claim It

Don't be frightened, girls. It doesn't bite. The monstrous, red figure, which you may see on the stage of the auditorium, is not a character from another world. Rather it is the beautiful, new purchase of the Music Department, the long awaited, seven foot Steinway piano, ivory keys and all, carefully covered in red.

The main event of the evening of November 24, was the christening of this priceless possession. It was on this night that such musicians as Jo Ann Murphy, Rita Olson, Joan Morris, Aileen Shine, and Betty Detten presented the St. Cecilia program. Others who participated in the musical, Anna Marie Brian, Martha Niemann, and Mary Joe Matthews, will tell you that to play on the new Steinway is a musician's dream come true.

Rev. Meagher Depicts Spirit of Canadians

Readings in dialect from the poetry of William Henry Drummond were given by Father Daniel Meagher at the assembly period November 24. Father Meagher is the head of the Philosophy Department at St. Teresa's. His own literary background is illustrious; he is a former teacher of literature at the College of Great Falls and has long been associated with literary circles, having produced many notable prose and poetry compositions himself.

Father Meagher captured the spirit of Dr. Drummond's poetry, the spirit of natural charm of the courageous, hardy and enduring Canadians. Among the selections which Father read were "The Habitant," "De Nice Leetle Canadienne," "The Cure of Calumette," "Little Bateese," "Meb-be," and "The Great Fight."

News Notes

The annual Sodality Christmas party will begin at twelve today in the Assembly Hall. Under the lighted Christmas tree, each girl will place a toy brought for her admission. These gifts will later be distributed among the classes to be included in the Christmas baskets for the poor families.

Miss Steuterman's radio class will provide the entertainment, after which refreshments are to be served.

Let not the right hand know what the left is doing—and some of our zealous college missionaries perform their tasks in just this fashion. Eileen Murphy teaches catechism at St. Patrick's Church, North Kansas City, every Sunday morning. She assists Sister Agnes Josephine and Sister Antonette Marie.

Mrs. Maurice J. O'Sullivan, president of the St. Teresa Alumnae, has been appointed to the School Board Organization and Administration Committee of the Kansas City Council on Education.

CST congratulates its alumnae president on her splendid work, for an alumna active in civic affairs is a truly Catholic alumna.

Members of the student body, their family, friends, and dates are invited to participate in the Holy Hour to be given New Year's Eve. This Holy Hour is sponsored by the Sodality and will be held in the Chapel in the Music and Art Building from 8 to 9 p. m.

The cooking class, chaperoned by Miss Naomi Brady, Home Economics instructor, recently made a trip to the plant of the Franklin Ice Cream Company. Here they saw ice cream in the freezing process and milk being pasteurized. All flavors of ice cream, they learned, are made with the same basic mix which is then divided into portions to be mixed with the various flavors. Though this knowledge may have shattered their illusions regarding the mysteries of ice cream making they were rewarded with ice cream tarts and samples of other milk products.

The Father-Daughter Banquet WILL take place some time in January and it will be at the College. This should make everybody happy.

Faculty members do find intellectual ways of spending free days. Father Daniel Meagher, head of the Philosophy Department, will attend the twenty-second annual meeting of the American Catholic Philosophical Association to be held at the Coronado Hotel, St. Louis, December 29 and 30.

Sister M. Aquin will attend the National Business Teachers' Association, Hotel Jefferson, December 29-31, St. Louis. Sister John Marie will accompany her.

Sister Georgiana Marie will spend several days at the University of Missouri setting up an exhibition of her own art work. Sister Marcella Marie will accompany her.

Sister M. Marguerite, dean, visited the nursing schools affiliated with the College of St. Catherine, St.

Father Parsons Pictures Europe As He Sees It

In his lecture Wednesday, December 2, in the College Assembly Hall, Reverend Wilford Parsons, S.J., gave to his audience a general picture of economical and political conditions existing in Europe today. He said that in the five months which he had recently spent in Europe there was little building in progress. The people seem to lack the rallying power to effect large scale reconstruction in their war-stricken cities.

However, Father pointed out that the British, who until a few months ago were down-trodden and lifeless, have lately made a surprising comeback, and are now recovering rapidly.

France Is Keystone

Father sees in the French the answer to the fate of western civilization. He believes that because of their central location they may be able to influence seriously the future governments of neighboring nations. At present the dominant French party is communistic, but there is no revolutionary fervor among the people, who are indifferent to any government.

Audience Alert

Father Parsons, author, lecturer and former editor of America is a little man, but he speaks with authority. His congenial manner completely won over his audience, who refused to let him go at the end of his one hour lecture. Through their pertinent questions they added another half-hour to their profitable evening.

Pupils Still Have 'Apple' Technique

Every Friday afternoon, two Saint Teresa's girls find themselves calling their Catechism Classes to order in efficient tones. These instructors are Helen Woods and Mary Lou Wilkinson. Their place of instruction is Saint John's Church.

These two have had many opportunities to apply their "Educational Psychology." One of these theories is the idea that the teacher should never refuse a gift offered by the student. With this in mind, Mary Lou modestly accepted a "token of esteem" from one of her little apple polishers. However, the book didn't give any hint for the behavior of the teacher when the gift was a piece of bubble gum, which, incidentally, had already been chewed.

"Bootsie" has another problem. Each week her reception committee consists of an eight year old boy who greets her with a wolfish, "Oh gee, honey, but you're cute." Bootsie consulted her "psych" book, but without consolation. So she now believes it is merely her way with men.

All things being equal—religion and applied psychology—these two girls are doing a wonderful work. And aside from giving an education, they are also receiving one.

Paul, to make a comparative study of the Kansas City set-up with that of St. Paul. During the visit from November 20-23 she also visited St. Mary's hospital, Minneapolis; St. Joseph's hospital, St. Paul; the College of St. Catherine, and the University of Minnesota.

Civic-Minded Collegians Join League



Gathered together in the lounge are: (seated) Dolores O'Leary, Nan Rafter, and Mary Ann Miller; (standing) Mary Jo Lonergan, Geraldine Carrigan, Bobby Jeanne Schmidt, Gloria Sutter, Mary Pat Brown, Mary Lou Wilkinson, and Suzanne Humphrey.

Students Play Hostess To CLWV; Rouse Interest In Civic Duties

St. Teresa's performed the duties of hostess for the College League of Women Voters on December 11. Approximately 35 young women representing Kansas City University, Junior College and the College of St. Teresa, attended the meeting which convened at 5:30. Mrs. Faddler, head of the College League, introduced the speaker of the evening. The Cafeteria provided ice-cream, cake, and coffee to supplement the box lunches brought to the meeting.

Mary Lou Wilkinson and Gloria Sutter are acting as the steering committee for St. Teresa's unit until officers are elected later in the year. The College division was organized to promote interest in civic life among potential voters. Speakers at the semi-monthly meetings explain various aspects of city and county government, charitable institutions, and projects of interest to voters. As a follow up to the theory of lectures practical knowledge is gained by visiting such institutions and by attending meetings of the City County.

On December 3, a visit was made to the Jackson County Parental Home where the workings of this organiza-

tion were viewed by the students. Visits to similar institutions are planned for the future. The College League welcomes as members any students who have an intelligent interest in their local government and who are willing to devote some time to learning more about it.

Noted Anthology Prints Talented Junior's Poem

The National Poetry Association has selected a poem written by Geraldine Carrigan entitled Today to be included in their Annual Anthology of College Poetry. Geraldine is a junior and is an English major. Her poem is the first that the Association has published from the College of St. Teresa.

The Anthology is a compilation of the finest poetry written by college men and women of America. Over twenty thousand manuscripts were submitted to the Association this year from every state in the union. Many of the poems selected portray the tenseness of this transitional period.

Copies of the Anthology were sent to Geraldine and others are on reserve in the library.

Alumna Visits College

It seemed like old times for students and teachers alike when Hermania Izurieta, graduate of 1946, was seen on the CST campus recently. She hadn't decided she didn't learn enough; she brought her younger sister, Alsacia, to the college to get her started on her career of learning.

Hermania has been teaching her major, biology, along with English, back home in Quito, Ecuador. She plans to remain in the States for about six months, when she will return to her classroom in Ecuador.

Come To the Cantata!

If someone taps you on the shoulder, don't be frightened. It is most likely an Academy student "contacting" you as a probable patron for the Christmas Cantata. They're trying to raise funds to purchase red and blue lights for the stage in the Music and Art Building Auditorium.

Even if you are a bit modest about having your name on the program, you are welcome to attend the presentation of "The Children of Bethlehem," December 18, at 8:00 p. m. The Cantata is directed by Sister De La Salle.

NFCCS Plans Auxiliary To Relief Drive

Plans for an intensive drive for relief for students in war-torn Europe have been formulated by Mary Ann Miller, sodality prefect. A cake sale was held in the cafeteria December 12, and profits from this sale went to the relief drive. Students donated the cakes.

On January 9, a "Sweater Swing" will be held in the Assembly Hall with juke box, cokes, and bobby sox. Admission charges for this entertainment will also be added to the relief fund.

As a culmination of the January relief program St. Teresa's in conjunction with Rockhurst College will sponsor a dance, the date and place of which will be announced later.

The support of each student will make this dance as well as the other relief activities successful and profitable for students in Europe, who are earnestly striving to become educated in a war devastated land.

Windmoor Prepares for Christ's Birthday

And all that Mighty Heart is Lying Still . . .



Oh Windmoor! What silent beauty is thine tonight! The gently falling snow is compassionately concealing the skeletons of your thousand barren trees. Its very whiteness, blanketing the campus and buildings, wordlessly proclaims the purity of all within who kneel in joyful expectancy to welcome their Prince of Peace, the Babe Divine. Each diamond crystal, sparkling in the shadows of the moonlight, is signalling its message of hope to the homeless Holy Family. The light at every window is a lantern of love, stretching forth its hand and searching into the night to greet the Wandering Group.

The heart of that brown mass of building is throbbing with anxious waiting for the midnight hour. The merry, gleeful young voices are now only echoes. Your spacious halls are emptied of that vigorous band who welcome elsewhere their Savior tonight. You have been left alone, but are not lonely. For where love is, loneliness departs. Surely the Infant King of Bethlehem will make His home with you this Christmas Eve.

—JOAN MURPHY.

Be Thrifty; Read the Best for Holiday Pleasure

The proper choice of Christmas reading can do much to make of this joyous season the glorious time that it is. The subject of Christ's birth has been one that artists and poets throughout the ages have attempted to capture. But of all those who have tried to pen the glories of the Birth of Christ, none have excelled the simple, yet profound account of His humble birth as told by St. Luke. Certainly it was from the lips of our Blessed Lady herself that he received his material. Read St. Luke's account carefully and thoughtfully. Your Christmas joy will be enriched.

Dickens' Christmas Carol is a favorite with young and old. Even though you probably know the story by heart, it's nice to renew the acquaintance each year with Tiny Tim. And if we feel at all grumpy after the Christmas rush, poor Old Scrooge should prove an antidote for our groans.

O'Henry's short story, "The Gift of the Magi" is one of love, inspiring sacrifice even as the kings sacrificed to bring gifts to the Babe on that first Christmas. And for those who enjoy poetry and wish to delve deeper than the traditional Christmas carols there is Milton's lofty ode, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity" and Robert Southwell's "The Burning Babe." Tennyson's "In Memoriam" contains a lovely Christmas lyric beginning:

The time draws near the birth of Christ.

The moon is hid, the night is still;

The Christmas bells from hill to hill

Answer each other in the mist.

(Continued, Page 5, Col. 1)

Boarders Scatter In All Directions

"Some fly east, and some fly west."

There may not be much flying involved, but the nineteenth of December will find vacation—happy boarders scattering in all directions. Ida Mae Nickel is heading north to Glendive, Montana. Betty Detten goes south to Amarillo, Texas, and close on her heels will be Mary Ann Brockwell, on her way to Tulsa, Oklahoma. Betty and Nan Gilmore return to Peoria, Illinois. And Pat Miller will head for Peoria, too. West to Glenwood Springs, Colorado, goes Mary Elizabeth Shutte. Honolulu is too far away for Sadie Yoshida to go home for Christmas, so she gives her destination as "points unknown." I wonder whether that could mean Keokuk, Iowa?

Many girls have common goals. Besides the Illinois-bound Gilmores and Pat Miller, there are Jean Timmons and Margaret Young who are both going to Chillicothe, Missouri, and Shirley Brandt and the Borne twins, who will head home to Higginsville. Also among the Missouri-bound are Mary Jane Winfrey, from Corder, Cathy Barr, from Shakelford; and Joan Day, from Boonville.

But there will be several boarders who will remain in Kansas City, unless matters work out otherwise. Among them are Marilyn and Joan Morris, Barbara Luckett (who has hopes of driving to St. Petersburg, Florida, with Ann Pusateri), and the South American boarders, Maria Elena and Lucilla Trujillo, Alsacia Izurieta, Enith and Maria Olivia Hidalgo, and Ximena Cordovez, whose homes are much too distant for them to return for Christmas. Alsacia plans to stay with her sister, Hermania, and Lucilla and Maria Elena want to go to Tulsa, if their father gives his permission.

Zealous Teresian Lends Talents to Outside World

December 19, books are stuffed in lockers, good-bye's are said and we are off for the long awaited vacation of the Christmas holidays. However, some of the never tiring Teresians are lending their talents to the world outside.

Mary Jo Lonergan and Helen Mahoney are assistants to Mr. Wolferman. Joan Day, too, is going into the grocery business, although she intends to eat more than she will sell of papa's groceries.

Aid to Fathers

Another father's business is being highlighted by the loving daughter, for Margaret Clarke will be the stenographer for Clark Auditing Company. We hope all those letters get out before the New Year or maybe Dad will wish he didn't have a daughter—at least one working for him.

Ann Matthew's position should not keep her busy all through the holidays, although cleaning out the chimney so that Santa can come down should be profitable.

Try at Salesmanship

Jo Anne Vaughn, Tess Monahan, Dorothy McKinley, Peggy Bergin, Bebe Murphy, and Shirley Davis are just a few of the many girls who are going to prove their salesmanship at John Taylors, Kline's and Emery Bird's. Peggy Bergin is positive she will be seeing hand bags in her dreams from now until next Christmas. We promise that we won't mull over more than four or five before we purchase one. So don't be discouraged!

Sears on the Plaza has been fortunate in obtaining Mary Gent, Jackie Sedlock, and Mary Ellen Hofer as assistants in the Credit Department. But the most interesting job of all is that of Barbara Ryan's. She declares (but we believe it is with tongue in cheek) that she is going to assemble cars at the Ford plant—sheer relief from her little darlings in the kindergarten.

Higginsville Boarders Pack Early To Avoid Holiday Bustle



Catherine Borne (left) and Caroline Borne are assisted in their holiday packing by Shirley Brandt (standing). All are Higginsville bound.

(With Desolation Is the Land Made Desolate)

Christmas '67

By Geraldine Corrigan

It was Bluesday, the 25th of Twelvemonth in the year 11 A.L. The steps seemed unusually steep for Una as she trudged toward the apartment. That was unusual, too, because it was her anniversary. She had four years to her credit, for she had worked that long at the factory. One thing pleased her. It was only thirteen o'clock and she had the rest of the day to herself. She planned to dig out the old trunks of her grandmother and try to find some things for the scrap collection.

It was funny that when her mother and father were there, they would not part with any of the old relics. Suddenly, Una realized that it had been almost five years to the day since some of the party had taken them away to another place to work. What was it they had done on that last night? Oh yes, they had found an old candle, lit it, and started to sing some very strange songs about a child or something. Then the knock had come at the door. Una had been frightened until one of the men had told her that her parents were needed elsewhere by the government. Then she had understood—or at least, she had agreed. It would have been nice to have said good-bye to her mother, though.

Una pushed the door open and as she did so, a small package fell from her arm. It was a tin about an inch long and about two inches thick. When the bell rang in the building, she would open her box, drop one capsule in some hot water to make some very nourishing soup, put one pellet in the oven so that it could rise to a loaf of bread and perhaps mix the third with hot water for some coffee.

After she put her tin on the table and removed her outer garment, the brown toga with her name and position printed on it, she went to find the suitcase with her grandmother's belongings. At last she located it in the farthest recess of the closet. It smelled musty and strange, like the blue flower she had seen in the commissar's office. In disgust Una

knew that it had not been sterilized or treated with the purifying spray.

Still, she had to find something for the scrap collection, so, distastefully, she opened the suitcase on the floor. First of all there was a strange looking wooden affair—sort of box—and when Una opened it she found many little figures, all carefully wrapped in cotton and soft material. One of the cloths felt so good under her fingers. It was shiny and oh so soft.

Una would have liked to have it, though, just to put on her pillow and to sleep on at night. But that was silly.

The little figures were odd, too. They were something like the doll she had had when she was very, very small. But of course, that had

(Continued on Page 6)



'Twas the day of vacation when all through the school, Every student was hurrying, unmindful of rules. All books in the lockers were strewn without care; We hope that St. Nick would never look there.

Assignments were over; the desks were all cleared. When the bell finally rang, we all disappeared. Sister with a prayer, each girl with a clap JUST SETTLED OUR BRAINS FOR A LONG WINTER'S NAP.

When we rushed to the door, we raised such a clatter Boarders hurried outside to see what was the matter. Away in the night we flew with a flash, Tore through the street—a miracle, no crash!

Just picture the scene on a Monday soon after, With half-closed eyes they try to recover.

Two weeks are so short, go far too quick; LONGER VACATIONS DIDN'T COME WITH ST. NICK.

Then it's back to the grind, with a smile and a sigh, To hear of exams which are now so nigh. Have fun o'er the holidays with this prospect in sight. MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT.

—MURPH.

Christmas Season Revives Happy Memories

The Tree Remains, The Gifts Change

By JOAN GERAGHTY

A just-so spruce tree, neither too large nor too small — that's our Christmas tree. The soft blue lights, the shinning silver bubbles, the shimmering tinsel make up its formal attire. It glows to the world outside through a fairyland of frosted panes.

I cannot remember a Christmas without our tree. Of course, it isn't the same tree every year, but it always has the same trimmings and always seems far more beautiful than the one of the preceding year. It was there at the first Christmas I can recall, when my letters to Santa asked, yes pleaded, for a Shirley Temple doll, an electric stove, and a doll house.

Though I grew and my wishes were ever changing, the tree did not. When I entered the tom-boy stage, it was still there. Then under its low swaying branches, I found a new soft ball, a bat, and that blue bike I had pointed out on a pre-Christmas window-shopping tour. That dear old tree never let me down. It seems that its branches were ever extending the most precious gifts to me, ever watching and protecting them for me, ever twinkling at me in my joy.

Its burden became lighter as I grew older. My wishes were for smaller objects—a watch, a robe, furry slippers. But the tree was just as sparkling when it gave smaller packages as it had been when it presented the larger ones.

Again, this year it will stand majestically in our living room. The window panes will be frosted, magically transforming a cold wintery night into a make-believe land of diamonds and rubies. In the crisp folds of tissue paper, I hope to find a filmy new formal and that sparkling necklace that I ever so subtly pointed out to Mother last week.

Be Discriminating,

(Continued from Page 4)

But one of the loveliest of all Christmas poems is Father Lynch's *Woman Wrapped in Silence*. If you haven't time to read the entire book, at least turn to the selections on the birth of Christ.

An interpretation of the rejoicing and the mourning of the Church and its people may be found in the archbishop's sermon in T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*. Through the mouth of the great Archbishop, Eliot suggests that many misinterpret the peace of which the angels sang, regarding it as peace among nations. He suggests that a more important peace is one which Christ can effect—peace of mind.

Another not quite so recent drama is Barry's *Joyous Season*. If you haven't had the opportunity to see Ethel Barrymore play the lead, the Reverend Mother, then the next best thing you can do is read the play.

Several of the current magazines are running Christmas stories, although most of these don't quite capture the spirit. "Marysong" in the December number of *Ladies Home Journal*, written by George Raymond Riemer, pictures an unmusical brother in a monastery. The story is built around his Christmas gift to the Saviour.

Don't let the season pass without doing some Christmas reading. You might see what the editorial page of the Christmas issue of your newspaper carries. Maybe someday another masterpiece like the one beginning "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus" will appear.

NOEL

NOEL



Christmas Carols echo through Windmor Halls as Boarders sing. From bottom of stairs to top: Barbara Luckett, Mary Jane Winfrey, Mary E. Schutte, Marilyn Morris, Jean Timmons, Margaret Young, and Betty Gilmore.

Each Christmas the boarders of CST have a special celebration all their own. This is the Christmas formal dinner.

It begins with the Christmas Novena in the college chapel. Attired in their formals, all the girls attend. After this solemn beginning, carrying lighted candles they leave the

chapel and in procession march through the dimly lighted halls singing Christmas carols.

They enter the holly-decked dining hall to sit down to a tempting turkey banquet. Santa Claus, rigged out in his traditional costume, makes his grand entrance after the dessert to distribute the gifts which lay un-



Christ Light

By Geraldine Carrigan

Clear crisp yet silent still the night
A light darts from the farthest star
And tips the steeple—holy light
As bright and true as angels are
Who sing this night, their song on high
While yet with silver'd gracious glow
The moon, soft mistress of the sky,
All bathes the scintillating snow
Around the church door with her beam.
And down the aisle so near the rail
The altar lamp, too, sheds its gleam
Upon the Child so dear and frail
Yet brighter than a thousand fires
His love to man's cold heart aspires.



der the gaily trimmed tree.

Windmoor Christmas festivities are a prelude to the joy and warmth awaiting each boarder in her own home.

Flash — Santa Leases Sleigh To Golden Echo Staff Bulletin — Reindeer Pull Hard



Waving a cheery hello and a sigh of relief are left to right, bottom row: Mary Lou Wilkinson, Doris Jean Frohoff, Mary Joanne Wald, Geraldine Carrigan, Mary Sullivan; top row: Mary Jane Winfrey, Joan Murphy, Mary Katherine Gilwee, and Joan Geraghty.

All of the girls with the exception of Joanne Wald, a freshman, are upper classmen and members of Sister Marcella Marie's Creative Writing class.

Three issues of the *Golden Echo* will be published this year and the next edition is

scheduled for early March. Contributions are welcome from all students and alumnae.

Hope you liked our first issue. It's our way of saying "Have a very Merry Christmas and the Happiest of New Years."

Each Year Brings Enriched Thoughts

By Mary K. Gilwee

Memories are funny things. The most pleasant times we've had are sometimes the hardest to recall. What pleasant associations the word "Christmas" holds and yet, when one tries to remember each Christmas Day he has experienced, he finds that there is only a warm blur around the one idea of the day itself. Out of this haze a few things come into focus.

I Remember . . .

. . . the big train I received that long past day when I was only two. In the evening Daddy and Grand'dad and my uncles, who were as thrilled with it as I was, turned out all the lights and watched it speed around the track, its tiny headlight piercing the darkness.

Then . . .

. . . the year we lived on the Plaza, Daddy and I walked over to see Santa, who had just arrived in his sleigh and was perched atop a white cottage in a nearby lot. Other children and their parents were there too and Santa asked each of us what we wanted for Christmas. Hopefully I asked for a set of tiny silverware to go with my dishes, which I wanted very badly. My faith in Santa was increased when, Christmas morning, I discovered the silver among my presents!

Later . . .

. . . Other things besides the presents became important on that day. We always began the day by attending the five o'clock Mass in our parish of the Annunciation Church. On this majestic occasion, the main and side altars were decorated with real Christmas trees, bright red poinsettias. There was a wonderful crib, and a blue and silver banner suspended in the sacristy proclaiming "Gloria in Excelsis." Color prevailed in the gold of the priest's vestments, the red and white cassocks of the altar boys, the pastel satin page suits of the kindergarten boys. The choir sang all those familiar hymns and finally, when Mass was almost over, the first hint of dawn illumined the lofty stained glass windows. All this is deeply impressed on my memory.

Still . . .

. . . in high school I learned of other joys of Christmas: filling poor baskets, hunting the Yule Log, and singing carols in the orphanages and old folks home.

KEEP . . .

JANUARY 9

. . . IN MIND

SWEATER SWING

For

STUDENT

RELIEF DRIVE

DONNELLY HALL

Terescope

How much do YOU know about the Marshall Plan? A recent Gallup Poll shows a shocking ignorance on this question. Four out of ten HAD NOT EVEN HEARD OR READ ABOUT THE PLAN! And of the 61 percent who had at least heard of the plan, only ONE OUT OF SEVEN could correctly define it. Yet, as Secretary Marshall said, "an essential part of any successful action on the part of the United States is an understanding on the part of the people of America of the character of the problems and the remedies to be applied."

Speaking of Gallup Polls, here is a recent survey worthy of note: Six out of ten U. S. adults drink; the same number smoke. Two out of three believe Abraham Lincoln was greater than George Washington. The five living people most admired by Americans are Douglas MacArthur, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Winston Churchill, President Harry Truman, and Secretary of State George C. Marshall. One in three has a terrible time getting up in the morning, but only one in five has any difficulty in dropping off to sleep. The average citizen goes to bed at 10 o'clock, and gets up at 6:30 six days a week, stays up until 11 on Saturday and snoozes until eight on Sunday morning. Less than a third of U. S. families say grace at meals. Ninety-six percent of Americans believe in God and seventy-six percent in life after death.

Between recent newspaper features of the Royal wedding and current fashions, scores of headlines have realistically reflected the agonies of an insecure peace. In France and Italy, Communist riots were grimly foreboding; in the United States, the Air Force announced it was reactivating 650 stored planes, and from Washington came the latest inflation news—retail prices had gone up another 2 percent within a month. In my estimation, future Soviet-American relations will be determined largely by the success or failure of the Marshall Plan, for if Western European countries are revived economically, the U.S.S.R. would be compelled gradually to practice greater and wider cooperation with the West.

Chewing gum creates a disposal problem which after 78 years is still unlicked. Thousands of dollars have been spent cleaning it from railroad terminals, theaters, and public places. Most wrappers carry a printed line: "Save inner wrapper to dispose of gum." This is probably the world's most widely printed direction, yet apparently few follow it. The world thinks of the U. S. as a nation of gum-chewers, but actually some 10% of the population buys about 75% of the output.

Piled high with not only food, but vitamins, antiseptics, and medical supplies, the Friendship Train recently toured the states from coast to coast and nowhere did it receive an unwelcome reception. When the first sections of the train rolled into New York's environs on Tuesday, November 18, it had grown from a mere twelve cars and one locomotive to two hundred and fourteen cars in four sections, and New York's contribution was expected to reach an additional thirty-five cars. This truly democratic gesture on the part of Americans to the starving peoples of

To whom it May Concern

Dear Editor:

I'm disgruntled again and all because it seems impossible to waken at least two-thirds of the student body from their present state of apathy. We wanted to have a poll of the students' favorite Christmas songs. We utilized the bulletin board, provided an envelope for the votes, and literally got down on our knees begging students to take time out and write their No. 1 song.

You know the results. We have no poll, simply because twenty votes out of the entire student body were cast. If someone knows what's wrong, please speak out loud and bold.

And as long as I feel so utterly miserable I might voice my sentiments on the attitude of students toward lectures. Why were there only fifty-eight college students at Father Parson's lecture? Don't we really care about the fate of Western Civilization?

We want to make Student Government alive, but how many were even interested enough to make their appearance at the meeting of the Catholic Colleges of this region which studied this very problem? I counted two members of one particular class and none of another.

Please don't let us allow indifferentism to creep into our Student Body. It's a venomous poison and we must provide an antidote quickly.

Signed,

One who hates apathy.

Dear Teresians:

How about this? Eight whole pages and really full of what you've been asking for! At least, that's been the earnest hope of the editor and staff, as well as of our indispensable advisor, Sister Marcella Marie. At the beginning of the year we set off with great hopes and ambitions and also rather inadequate knowledge of the labor (and funds) it takes to make a paper really worthwhile. But though our way has definitely not been easy and we've had to learn "the hard way" we've really tried to please you and we hope you like the results.

Much of your criticisms has been a big help, and some of it—well there are always "grippers" who like to complain just for the sake of complaining. Any more constructive criticism will be happily received by the staff. So look over this issue and let's hear the reactions. Ooooh—our burning ears!

Trustfully yours,

THE STAFF.

Dear Santa:

We're writing this letter for two reasons. The first is to tell you what good little girls we've been all year. Of course, this really isn't necessary since everyone knows it and we know such knowledge hasn't slipped by you.

The second is to tell you what we want for Christmas, Santa Dear. It really isn't much. All we want is a *BIG, clean, BIG, nice smoker*. You see, Santa, the smoker we have now is kind of small to accommodate all the "good little girls" who are now going here to school. We won't even ask you to wrap it up. So please, huh! Don't you think you could manage it? After all, we're not asking for the abolishment of homework or an extra week's vacation. We know you can arrange this smoker deal. And if we don't get our new smoker, well—we may not be such good little girls next year.

Yours for a bigger and better smoker,

—THE SMOKE DREAMS.

France and Italy is indeed one of heart-felt generosity carried out in the true Christian manner. And at what better time could magnanimous hearts and helpful hands be more welcome than this joyous season of Christmas? While individually we were not able to contribute to this great gift, let us remember in the true spirit of old St. Nicholas, all who can use our help here in our own city: the orphans, the aged, the poor, and the sick in nearby hospitals and institutions. For Christmas is the season filled with the pleasure of receiving, but more gloriously with the joy of giving.

Interesting Antics of Play Directing Class Result in Fun For All

Anyone just happening past the Assembly Hall on any Monday, Wednesday, or Friday between two and three o'clock need not be shocked at what might be taking place on the stage—or rather I should say, at WHO might be taking a place on the stage (floor, that is), because Mary Jean Burke seems to prefer the floor to a chair. It was a very effective entrance, perfectly timed, but not really part of the act. As Mary Jean said, "It wasn't easy, though—on the back-bone." But the girls seem to put their whole heart and soul—and feet, too—in their acting.

Yes, the Play Directing class has been dramatizing everything from bits of well-known plays to original pantomimes, enacting them in their own individual style. It's not unusual to see them gesticulating frantically in an effort to put across to their invisible audience the meaning of their actions without the use of words, while they chase balloons across the stage, hammer with invisible tools on an invisible lawnmower, or stare seriously at the ceiling in pretense of seeing planes flying overhead. Patricia Moran is surely an expert at the art of graceful fainting by now, after rehearsing it a dozen times at one sitting (Joke!). She still complains of a dislocated hip.

More recently the class has been quite busy rehearsing many, delightful one-act plays, each under the direction of one of the girls.

The plays themselves are of a wide variety and include both comedy and tragedy. The one chosen to be presented at the Dramatic Club meeting on December 11, is a hilarious comedy entitled "Thank You, Doctor." The scene is the psychiatric office of Dr. Gurney, and the plot is complicated and fast moving. Gloria Sutter, acting the part of a raving maniac, dashes on and off the stage, literally flooring Denny Cort, a poor, unsuspecting visitor, portrayed by Mary Gent. She leads Mrs. Lester, played by Pat O'Leary, a merry chase until she is finally overtaken by the long arm of the law.

Christmas, '67—Cont.

been before the Liberation and she remembered very little about that time. One of the figures was a lady and she was dressed in blue. Una liked blue. One of the girls at the factory had blue eyes, and sometimes at work she saw papers with blue lines on them. The lady was neither standing nor sitting, but was sort of bending around the knees. That was strange. And there were several men in the same position. One of them was leaning on a stick of some kind and there was a flower at the top.

Number Please?

... Buzz ... The Cafeteria wants to talk to the kitchen ... Buzz ... The booth wants out ... Buzz Now the second floor and the Library are carrying on a most brilliant conversation! I get up ... Buzz ... I run back; a lady wants me to tell her daughter that the key to the house is in the mailbox. Okay I'm up again ... Buzz ... I'm down—honey chile all I do is just sing those switchboard blues! And I declare, all I get out of it is—buzz!!!

Just ask Barbara Ryan and Geraldine Carrigan if I don't get my wires—and my tongue—crossed. I was sitting ... calmly? ... No, but sitting, anyway ... plugging in wires and the buzzer was going a mile a minute, and I was telling the third floor to keep its shirt on, and I said to Barbara, "There is the costume key to the skeleton closet," when of course, all I meant to say was simply, "There's the skeleton key to the costume closet."

Well, my motto is: "Don't Panic," and my theme is: "Buzz Me, Miss Blue."

Bye Now,

—Barbara Luckett.

Suddenly, Una saw the child—a little baby figure. He was reaching his little arms out to her and smiling so lovingly. Una picked him up with a cry of joy and kissed his little face. Then quickly she looked around to see if anyone had seen such a silly act. There was one other thing she had not examined. It, too, was wrapped in the lovely material. It was heavy, and as she took off the coverings she found it to be a book. Una had never held a book so closely before. It seemed strange to feel its cover, black with the golden letters on the front.

"Do not be afraid, for behold I bring you good news of great joy which shall be to all the people, for there has been born to you today in the town of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to you: you will find an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." —A manger?

Could that funny box on legs be a manger? The little baby seemed to fit just perfectly when she placed him in it. Una began to play with the little figures, arranging them around the child. The supper bell rang and after that, the curfew, but Una did not hear them. For the first time in eleven years she smiled at the baby in the crib, and was it the poor light, or did Hope smile back at her?

IS IT A BIRD? IS IT A PLANE?

"Oh my goodness! Here he comes, girls! Isn't he just simply darling?" Such fanfare heralds him wherever he swaggers. And why not indeed? What a dashing figure he cuts with those incredible shoulders (padded to perfection!); enhanced by the audacious plaid of his loafer jacket, and his pants legs carefully rolled far enough above his saddle shoes to display his multi-colored ankles.

A continual sneer plays about the corners of his mouth, but whether from habit or from the weight of the pipe clenched in his manly jaw the public at large has no way of knowing. And that hair!—so soft, so greasy, so meticulously muddled in the latest "Hollywood bob" relieves

him from washing his ears and the back of his neck.

This aspiring Apollo assumes an air of studied indifference and careless nonchalance with all adoring members of the opposite sex who rate dates on looks alone. With them he has something in common—he too is "beautiful but dumb." You'll see him canvassing the campus with a letter on his chest, a gurgling girl on his arm, and a "I-can't-help-it-if-I'm-so-handsome" look on his homey face. He presides at, rather than participates in school affairs, for his august presence warrants their success. He is usually accompanied by a stooge who flatters him, laughs at his jokes, lends him money, and keeps

pumping hot air into his head to keep it above inflation level.

Much as I hate to admit it, this ersatz gallant has been processed up to his present deplorable state by shallow-minded females who have fussed and feuded over him until he has lost every white of personality.

A conversational non-entity, he always picks his girl-friends by their ability to entertain him. His favorite topic of discussion when he does join in is, naturally, himself; and unfortunately his ego is satisfied by doting disciples. Truly a figurehead of American "campusology," the conceited college man is actually nothing more than a three-dimensional dope! And no jury would ever convict me.

Weary Minds Ponder Weighty Problems

"The doors swing in and the doors swing out while some pass in and others pass out." A quick change occurs everytime the door of the threshold of knowledge is opened—either a student who is entering the library whips on a pair of glasses (usually horn-rimmed) or another who is leaving takes a pair off. Somehow or other a student feels much more intelligent if she wears "specs;" at least she knows she has that intelligent look and the library is the favorite place for cultivating it. Outside the library, glasses are taboo, for "men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses."



Here in the hall of learning great minds are at work. Some students tackle momentous problems of the day, such as "Who is Miss Hush?" Others write brilliant literary works, concentrating on such unique opening sentences, as "Darling Jim." One psychology student who had become entranced with the problem of air waves, attempts to determine the exact wave length of a noise vibration by exploding a balloon. Another student concentrates on the task at hand: Should I wear blue socks and a white bow or white socks and a blue bow? These profound mental activities indicate rapid intellectual growth.

Silence is the hard and fast rule and one which no student

would ever break, unless it is necessary to do so. This has only one drawback — nothing ever seems unnecessary!

Now some students have a deeply possessive attitude toward books. Once they check them out, they are theirs for life. Other students become so absorbed in their books, that they return them weeks overdue. The student is fined and it's the persistent librarian who collects the money. But this job is worse than that of a dentist who extracts a wisdom tooth, because at least the dentist can strap his patient to a chair, whereas the librarian can use only verbal force.

The golden nuggets of the library are the reserve books and every day has at least one gold rush. Five minutes before dismissal from class, each student participating in the rush is on the mark, then gets set and at the bell, goes! The stampede is on and the quickest, most agile girl (also the one nearest the door) gets the book. However, the battle is not yet won, for merely signing one's name in red, does not necessarily mean that the book is automatically the student's for that night. To be perfectly assured of this she would have to lock the book in an unpickable safe, but since such apparatus is not available she can only watch and pray the livelong day, and hope that the vultures stay away.


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NFCCS Sponsor Interracial Contest

Attention all ye potential writers. Four creative writing contests are being sponsored by the National Commission on Interracial Relations of the NFCCS. Since CST is a member of this organization, each of you is eligible.

The committee announces a One Act Play Contest. All plays must deal with the subject of race relations. A Short Story Contest is open to all entries. The story is not to exceed twelve hundred words. The rules for the Lyric Poetry Contest state that all poems submitted must deal with the subject of race relations or interracial justice. A Poster Contest is being sponsored for the artists. Entries must be fifteen by twenty inches in size.

All contests specify that the entries must be typed in triplicate, dou-

ble spaced on paper 8½ by 11 inches. The deadline will be February 1. Address the Contest Committee Chairman, Manhattanville College, Convent Avenue at West 133 St., New York 27, N. Y.

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Clubs Sponsor Active Programs



G.C.C. Elects Mullin

Barbara Mullin, a junior, was unanimously elected chairman of the Good Counsel Club, at a meeting held the first Monday of December. Vocalite, the club's monthly news sheet, published a Christmas editorial which contrasted the relationship between the three vows of the religious life and the three gifts of the Wise Men—poverty with gold, chastity with frankincense, and obedience with myrrh.

As their study plan for the year, the Good Counsel Club voted to discuss the various religious communities which are represented in the diocese of Kansas City.

Sodality Reception

Eight new members were received into the Sodality of Our Lady, December 3, following the regular monthly Mass of the Sodality. The new sodalists are Mary Jo Lonergan, Beverly Reardon, Jean Wigert, Jeanne Commans, Julia Ann Arnold, Jeanne Timmons, Mary Louise Boland, and Ruth Rocha, and Evangeline Feld.

New Addition

We are now proud to announce that we have a new addition in the line of campus activities. A Study Club on the Mass has been formed to promote a wider knowledge and deeper interest in the center of Catholic life, the Mass. Study the Mass, by Dr. Pius Parsch, is the discussion booklet to be used under the direction of Father Meagher.

The group of twelve including Charmaine Poteet, Mary Louise Boland, Betty Detten, Mary Jean Burke, Agnes Paluga, Mary Lou Wilkinson, Jean Commans, Jean Wigert, Julie Arnold, Barbara Mullin, Lucille Truyllo, and Mary Joanne Wald, is a fine beginning. May it become one of our most active clubs!

Honor Lady of Guadalupe

Our Lady of Guadalupe's feast was observed December 15, by members of the Inter-American Commission with a Mass in her honor.

In the afternoon, the group presented a program in the Assembly Hall. Current affairs were discussed by Barbara Joyce. Lillian Armijo presented a special program of Christmas Music. Other features included the explanation of South American Christmas customs, the Pasado and Pinado; and the Villancos, or Christmas carols.

Study Mystical Body

The Confraternity of Catholic Action has gotten under way and you will now find the apostles at work every Monday afternoon at 2:00 and Tuesday morning at 10:20. The theme of discussion is at present the Mystical Body taken from the Holy Father's late Encyclical, *Mystici Corporis*. Selected paragraphs have been compiled by our own Bishop O'Hara, as well as other selections from the most important encyclicals of the late Popes. With this excellent Manual on Catholic Action and Sister Gerard Joseph as moderator success is immanent.

Meet Miss Truman

(Continued from Page 2)

are broadcasting into the street. I suppose that must be a part of the family love for music. I remember her father was here for the Reunion of the 35th Division last May. His fingers kept moving along in time to the music of the orchestra.

Miss Truman was very friendly and told me that her parents were waiting until she got to Washington on the 23rd to trim the Christmas tree. It was almost impossible for me to believe that I was talking to a famous concert star and the daughter of our President. She said she'd be glad to send me her autograph if I'd write to her in Washington. At last she had to go but she let me take one of the roses which Barbara gave her and then as she left she said that we were "the prettiest guard I've ever had."

All Play--No Work

The afternoon of November 19, the members of the Athletic Club were defeated in four out of six volleyball games by the Academy Athletic Association. Following the games the victorious team members were hostesses to the college players at a hamburger fry in the cafeteria. After the treat all joined in dancing and singing.

The teams have begun basketball practice for this season; that is the cause of the many aching bones. Soon we may see the results of these energetic practices!

Sunday, November 23, the Athletic Club (slightly diminished) went on a hike. The members (that day) consisted of Caroline and Catherine Borne, Barbara Joyce, Dorothy Junker, Miss Readon, and Shirley Brandt. They met at 75th and State Line, where they explored the now vacant Country Club Meadow Lake house, hiked around the country, and concluded their walk at Waldo. Here they at lunch and then bowled a game. Thus ended the outing with Caroline Borne as the winning bowler. All had a crisp, good time!

Debating Team in Future

A debating team in conjunction with the IRC is in the offing for next semester. The girls believe that through a debating team they would be better equipped to discuss the pro and con of an international problem.

Approximately twenty students from CST attended the regional IRC parley on the Marshall Plan held at Rockhurst last month. The next IRC commission meeting of the NFCCS is scheduled to take place at Mount St. Scholastica College sometime in February.

Season's Greetings



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Flash

WORD HAS JUST BEEN RECEIVED from the President's Office that classes will resume after Christmas, on January 7, instead of January 5.



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